

SECRET LOVE. TEMPLETON. FLORENCE. CAIN. THE HEIR BY LOT-

SECRET LOVE.

By ELLEN ASHTON.

"Make room—give her air—has anyone salts?" were the cries that rang through the crowded ball room, startling the careless lookers on, and even arresting the dancers. The music stopped, and a rush was made toward one of the windows.

"Who has fainted?" asked my aunt.

"I don't know," replied a passer by.

"I believe it is Miss Henley," said a third, hastening forward with a glass of water.

"Miss Henley," replied my aunt, turning to me, "then I know it all. Poor, poor girl!"

"What do you mean," said I.

"Come hither into the balcony, where we will be unobserved, and I will tell you."

We stepped out into the night. Calmly and beautifully the moon was sailing on high, silvering the garden trees around, and flinging her mystic beams in patches along the gravel walk; while a light wind, ruffling the leaves pleasantly, and fanning my forehead with its cool breath, wantoned around. The contrast with the glare and bustle within was striking. We lingered a few

minutes on the portico, but one or two persons approaching, we descended into the garden, and it was while walking to and fro in one of the paths, that my aunt related the following story.

"Amy Henley is one of the meekest of her sex, and four years ago, when she was just eighteen, few could vie with her in amiability or accomplishments. Nor is she without personal attractions, though these alone, perhaps, would never have distinguished her above the crowd. She has but one defect—she is somewhat lame. The deformity which produces this is, however, so slight that it is never betrayed except when she walks. But, if she is unfortunate in this respect, her richly stored mind and her fine imagination amply compensate for it. Indeed none can converse long with Amy Henley without being fascinated, and perhaps few girls have had more suitors, many of them such as any woman could be happy with. But it has been Amy's misfortune to form a secret attachment which has long controlled her heart, and which, I grieve to say, has ended in disappointment. But let me go back to the time when Amy was scarcely seventeen, and when no sorrow had ever dimmed her beautiful brow.

"The residence of her parents at that time was in the country, at a spacious and elegant mansion on the banks of the Susquehanna. They had but two children, Amy and her brother Henry, now the lawyer, whom you have met. At that time he had not finished his collegiate course, and, like all undergraduates, had a bosom friend, with whom you also have a slight acquaintance, Albert Morford. As Henry always spent the vacations at home, and as Morford was an orphan, and had no friends to go to, an invitation was given him to accompany Henry to Henley Hall, and accordingly he came. You know that he is generally admired by our sex, is talented, and has peculiarly winning manners. He soon fascinated the whole household, even to the servants, and with the old folks he was indispensable. A few generous acts of charity, springing from a feeling heart, had recommended him to the mother; and his daring in field sports, for which Mr. Henley entertained a passion, established him in the heart of the father. Then he was always

affable and kind, ever ready to yield his own pleasures to those of others, in short the very person to visit at a country seat in a somewhat secluded district. Nothing could be done without him. His advice was asked on every occasion, and, when he concluded his visit, his praises were trumpeted daily by the family until his return at the ensuing vacation. And for a while even Amy was as fervent, if not as loud, as any.

" The second visit of Morford established him, if possible, in greater favor than his first. He hunted with the father—he conversed respectfully with the mother—he was obliging to all the servants, but especially to the housekeeper—and he was always, when disengaged from the others, at the service of Amy, to read to her, ride with her, or attend her in her errands of charity around the neighborhood. Yet these attentions were always characterized by a frankness which precluded the idea that he was in love with her, though at length Amy, ignorant of the world, and endowed with a too susceptible heart, began to think otherwise. Poor girl! she had seen little of human nature, except as it existed in her own family, and she fondly dreamed that was a representative of the great world without.

" Tell me not that men are as you describe them," she said one day to Morford, when he had been picturing man as he exists in our own cities, for if you speak the truth—if there is so much hollow-heartedness, deceit, and wrong in this world, I wish not to live

" To a girl of such sentiments—so romantic and susceptible—Albert Morford was a dangerous companion. Not that he would knowingly have trepanned her affections from her, for his was a nature incapable of such bareness, but then his constant attentions to her—and she was at that age when attentions alone are almost irresistible—united to his eloquence, his manly beauty, his finished manners, and the reputation he enjoyed for talent, gradually established an interest in her heart, even before she was aware of it. Day and night she thought of him, all unconscious to herself, for as yet she knew not what love was, and innocently regarded it as the most natural

thing in the world that she should think of her brother's bosom friend. It was not until the second year of Morford's visits that she even knew she loved him, and then, the delay of his arrival for a week coupled with the knowledge that he had gone to the Springs with a distant cousin, who was said to be extremely beautiful, first aroused her to the state of her heart, by filling her with a strange uneasiness, which often subdued her to tears, and which at length she knew to be jealousy, that sure symptom of the presence of love—though, by the bye, love often exists without it. From this hour the unhappiness of Amy began. Hitherto she had never known sorrow, but life had been to her a beautiful dream. Now all was changed. Once aware of her love for Morford, she was tormented by continual doubts whether that affection was returned. At times she would imagine that he loved her, and then again she feared that he did not. Oh! how she watched his every movement—how she listened to catch the tone in which he spoke—how she looked for his return at dinner or supper when he had gone out with her father, brother or others. But still his deiraanor was a puzzle to her, for unsophisticated as she ftSp he could not perceive that his attentions were only arose of a near friend, and thus, exhilarated by one thing to-day and depressed by another to-morrow, she lived on, loving deeper and deeper every hour of her existence. Often a word casually dropped by Morford, and to which he attached no meaning, would afford her food for delicious thought for hours; and then another word, uttered with as little thought, would cause her a sleepless night and a pillow wet with tears. Our sex is not understood by the other, for how much would they prize our love if they knew the agony of heart we suffer at times, even when the passion is reciprocated. A light word or passing jest, forgot by a suitor as soon as uttered, has wrung many a maiden's heart with torture for hours, nay days and weeks, until explained. But I wander from my story.

" Could Amy have read Morford 's heart—and had she been more acquainted with the world or with his sex, she could have read it—she would have seen that he did not love her. Y'et he admired and esteemed her —admired her for her talents, and esteemed her for her amiability. Had

it not been for that unlucky lameness he might even have loved her; but Morford was quite as romantic, in his way, as Amy, and having formed to himself a beau ideal of a wife, in which personal beauty, or at least an absence of deformity was regarded as essential, he was protected from the arrows of the god, so far as Miss Henley was concerned. It never entered into his thoughts that Amy could love him, simply because he never thought of loving her, and he had none of that despicable vanity which is ever alive to one's own charms, and imagining that others are equally so. Thus days glided into weeks, and weeks became months, and Morford and Amy still continued in this dangerous proximity—the one pleased with the good sense, accomplishments and virtues of the other, and thinking how dull Henley Hall would be without such an inmate; the other lavishing her whole soul on her visitor, dreaming of him by night and musing on him by day, with an adoration of which only a first love, and that love secretly indulged, is capable. Growing with her youth, and strengthening with her strength, the passion of Amy for Morford soon came to form a part of her being—to be so inextricably interwoven with her every thought that their separation would be death. Alas! for her.

" Thus time passed. Again and again they met and parted, and still Morford was ignorant with what devotion he was regarded by Amy. At length an incident happened to open her eyes.

" During one of his visits to Henley Hall, a ball was given in the neighboring country town, and, as it was to be a festive occasion of unusual splendor, it was resolved that the whole family should go. Amy never looked better, nor was in better spirits, than during the ride there, and for some time after she entered the room. It is true, her infirmity prevented her from dancing, but she loved to gaze on others engaged in this graceful pastime, and her accomplishments and conversational talents soon drew around her a little circle of admirers. It was now that Morford, who had been her attendant thus far, stole from her side, for he had noticed in another part of the room a lady of extraordinary beauty, who had been known to him by sight a long

time, and to whom a mutual friend had promised him an introduction. They were now presented to each other, and Morford soon found that all he had heard of her wit, eloquence and accomplishments had not exaggerated them. He was soon completely fascinated by his new companion. They talked together, they promenaded together, and they danced together, and it was not long before he forgot even that Amy was in the room. He was soon, however, recalled to the fact. Amy had followed him with her eyes on his retirement from her circle, and all at once it was noticed that her spirits deserted her. This was when Morford was presented to Miss Wevill. His interest in her soon became apparent to the keenly sensitive heart of Amy, and she watched their movements with feelings that no words could describe. Her cheek now deadly pale and now flushed with crimson, would have revealed her secret to any keen observer, who had known the circumstances of her intimacy with Morford. But none such were there. She made several efforts to control her emotions, but all in vain. She saw that Morford loved her not, for there was a devotion in his every look when speaking to his companion, which he had never shown to her. At length her physical nature could understand her agonized emotions no longer, and when he and Miss Wevill swept by in the dance, both so deeply occupied with each other that Morford seemed to have forgotten where Amy sat and passed her without a look, she could endure it no longer, but placing her hands on her heart, rose to leave the room. Before, however, she had advanced many steps, a deathly sickness came over her, and she fell fainting to the ground. A general cry of alarm broke from the spectators, and then Morford's attention was attracted to the insensible girl. He ran to her, and was among the most active in restoring her; but when she opened her eyes, and saw who it was that stood by her, she turned away with a shudder. On her retiring he would have accompanied her to the carriage, but she shrunk from him with undisguised aversion. Her mother now, for the first time, understood her daughter's heart, for what woman could shut her eyes to these symptoms? Morford too saw all.

" I have but little more to add. Morford did not return to the Hall that

evening, and on the ensuing day left that portion of the country. He had no heart to bestow on Amy, even if he could have loved her, which estimable as she was, he could not; for, alas! love is a thing we cannot control, and makes slaves of us all. But it was a year before he renewed his acquaintance with Miss Wevill, so shocked had he been by the result of that evening's devotion to her. Nearly another year elapsed before their marriage, which, you know, occurred about a month ago.

"And since that fatal evening Amy has pined away. Change of scene has failed to bring the sunshine back to her heart or the smile to her eye. She has been, with her parents, to Niagara, and is now on her return home. It is most unfortunate that our fair hostess was ignorant of her story, else she never would have invited her and Mr. Morford here on the same evening. I have no doubt that this unexpected meeting with him and his bride has proved too much for the acute feelings of Amy—but let us go in again, and I will find an opportunity to enquire."

It was as my aunt said.

A few words, and this sad story is closed forever. Amy never looked up again. The marriage of Morford had been kept a secret from her, and this startling annunciation of the fact proved too much for a frame already wasted with sorrow, and a heart long since buried to this world. She went home, and as fall drew on, an alarming cough made its appearance, the sure premonition of consumption. The snows of December fell on her grave.

If we are desirous to meditate on the past, or look into the mysterious future, there is no place better fitted for the purpose than the lonely woods—remote from town and hamlet.



THE HEIR BY LOT-

By B. F. DEWEES.

It is now some five or six years, since two cousins, Albert and Ferdinand Drummond met together in the same attorney's office in Chancery lane. The object of both was the same—it was to attend the opening of their uncle's will. They met as if at a common centre; but the one came from the Exchange, and the other was not many hours free from the fascinations of Crockford's.

The two cousins were very nearly of the same age— but they wore strangely contrasted with each other both in their dress and manners. Albert, whose youth had given rise to the strongest hopes of his distinction in the world, had miserably disappointed the ambition of his friends; for, instead of devoting himself to a profession —the law—in which he was sure to have attained the highest honors, he had abandoned himself to idleness, and all those pleasures that idleness flies to for distraction. The income allowed to him by his uncle could not suffice for his prodigalities; but then he soon found his way into the society of the Jews, the bill-brokers, and the money-lenders, and they gave him all that he required on the condition that they should obtain all that he might be entitled to on the death of his uncle—they lent him money then, in order that they might be repaid a few years after, at the moderate interest of eighty per cent. Ferdinand was the very opposite of all this. He devoted himself to commerce. He had great talent, great cleverness, great aptitude for taking advantage of " the turn in the market but then all his qualifications were not merely marred, but rendered absolutely useless, by an excessive modesty, and an almost helpless timidity. Anyone who knows the world must be perfectly aware that at this time of day, a modest diffident young man has not the slightest chance of making his way through a crowd of charlatans, and a mob of individuals, each of whom advertises his own value, and sends forth a prospectus of the merits

to which he pretends. Besides, what right has any one to expect that others will repose that confidence in him, which he does not place in himself? Thus it was with Ferdinand Drummond. He appeared to vegetate in his office. All his plans failed—all his projects came to nought—because he was sure to break down in the first step that he made. The mercantile community refused to recognize those talents that he himself did not appear either to respect or to trust; and we cannot find fault with society for thus acting; for society, and especially in the city, has seldom time to penetrate into mysteries, or to solve riddles. The two heirs met together, and it must be said in favor of both, that real grief was pictured in their countenances. Their uncle had always acted toward them as the most kind, tender, and generous of relatives. They regretted him sincerely; but still grief for his loss did not altogether absorb their feelings at this moment. The uncle had been for some time back lamented with real tears, and now both the young gentlemen felt an extreme anxiety to know how they were provided for in his will. As to the fact of his having left them his money, they did not entertain a doubt; for their uncle, they knew, had a good fortune; they were both his only relatives living—they had been always treated with the same unvarying affection; and then the deceased had always led a quiet regular life—exempt alike from violent passions and from great faults; and they had no fear of a favorite housekeeper before their eyes.

"Make your minds easy, gentlemen," said the solicitor to them; "there are, I know, twenty thousand pounds clear, in addition to what has long since been equally settled on each, which can be easily divided between you."

At these words the two cousins looked at each other. They understood one another in an instant; and Albert called Ferdinand to one side, and thus addressed him:—

"The moment has now arrived," said he, "in which I can see plainly, perfectly, and distinctly the abyss into which my follies have cast me. When the evil is irreparable, wisdom comes to tell me that it is so. It is not I that

am about to become an heir to a portion of my uncle's property ; it is my creditors, who must have all that I am entitled to. The half of my uncle's fortune will be precisely the sum required to pay for my past errors, and to satisfy the avidity of those who have robbed me by anticipation."

" Did our uncle know your situation?" asked Ferdinand.

" Pretty nearly, I think. I know that he was inquiring into the state of my affairs."

" In that case you can still have hopes. No doubt he will have given you an advantage over me."

"You say that very quietly."

" Because I care very little for any diminution in the portion that I expect. I would not care to have either the half, the third or the fourth."

"You are singularly disinterested."

" Not at all—and certainly not in the way you think. It is quite true that I am enough of the philosopher to be satisfied with little; and the fortune I have already received from my uncle will be sufficient for my moderate wants; but, then, circumstances will occur in the course of a man's life to fill him with great desires, and to animate him with an extraordinary ambition—and I, unhappily, am at this very moment in such a situation. I, who before now, have neither thought of nor cared I for money, would now wish to be rich—far more rich than I hope to be made by any legacy my uncle may have left me."

"That is to say, that you want to have it all," remarked Albert smiling.

"Yes, nothing more, and assuredly nothing less would do for me. Had I it all,

it would perfectly satisfy me."

The solicitor interrupted this discourse for the purpose of reading the will. The grave air of the functionary— the noise that he made in breaking the seals, and the crackling of the parchment as he unfolded it, combined with his solemn air, and his affectedly impressive voice, did not cause the slightest emotion in his auditors; who believed that they had nothing either to fear or to hope from the document They brought to the matter indifference, and that loose attention that one gives to the performance of what is regarded as a mere formality.

" I have," said the testator, in the document that was now read, " but two relatives living. These are Albert and Ferdinand Drummond; both the sons of my two deceased brothers, and both dear to me by the same title of relationship. It gratifies me to state here, that neither the one nor the other has ever forfeited my affection. They have always shown the greatest regard, affection, and tenderness toward me, and if I treat them differently in the distribution of my property, I wish both to know that it is for reasons that are not at all affected by their demeanor toward me:

The two heirs raised their heads at the same moment; they started like men who are suddenly aroused from sleep. Ferdinand looked at Albert, as much as to say,

"I guessed rightly," and the solicitor continued—

" My entire property will be found to amount to the sum of thirty thousand pounds, now vested in the three and a half percent, consols. There is in addition, five thousand pounds at ray private banker's, which is the result of my domestic economy for the last five years. The use that I have made of my fortune, shows to me that it is sufficient to make a man independent, and to assure to him an agreeable existence, while its division must place each of ray nephews in a situation of mediocrity that could not be pleasing to the

ambition of either. They would be, therefore, but half satisfied, and sooner than displease two, I choose to make one of them completely happy. I will have, then, but one sole heir."

A double exclamation of surprise re-echoed these words, " but one sole heir." The hearts of Albert and Ferdinand beat violently. Their eyes shone with the light of excitement, like those of a gambler who stakes his entire fortune upon a single throw. And were they not, in fact, playing then for thirty thousand pounds?

The solicitor resumed:—

" Deep thought, profound reflection, and mature consideration have led me to the adoption of this determination. If I am wrong, I trust that he who is injured by me in consequence of it, will pardon me. It remains, then, for me now to choose between my nephews; and as I have not any preference, as they have both equal rights to my tenderness and my property, I feel myself in a great embarrassment Albert has created the necessities of luxury, and a large expenditure for himself, and a fortune, therefore, is indispensable to him; but then, on the other hand, Ferdinand is too timid and too diffident to make a fortune by his own unaided efforts. Why can I not leave thirty thousand pounds to each of them? However, I must decide between them, and since neither my heart nor my reason can turn the balance in favor of one, or against the other, I leave the decision to fate! I invoke the assistance of Chance. I place in an urn the names of Albert' and ' Ferdinand.' My hand trembles while I draw out one of the fated slips of paper on which the name of him who is to be chosen is written. The name that I draw out is that of --"

The two cousins, moveless and speechless, awaited the sentence that was about to be pronounced.

" Is that of Ferdinand," continued the solicitor.

Albert's head fell between his two hands, and Ferdinand could not restrain a cry of joy.

" That is not all," continued the solicitor, " permit me to finish the will."

" I nominate and appoint, then, as my sole and only heir, my nephew, Ferdinand Drummond. But, then, knowing that my nephew, Albert, has run into debt, and not wishing to have him so situated, I allot to the payment of it, the five thousand pounds at my private bankers. Provided, however, if, contrary to my expectation, this sum should not be sufficient to satisfy his creditors, and if, on receiving it, they do not each and all of them give a full, entire, and absolute release, such as will be required by my present solicitor, then I desire that not one shilling be paid, and that the five thousand pounds be restored to Ferdinand Drummond, my sole heir. Lastly, I desire that my nephew, Ferdinand, do not enter into the possession of my property until the lapse of a year, from and after the date of the day on which this will is opened—and that the income of that year be applied to the expenses of my funeral, burial, dec., and the residue to the purchase of a diamond ring to my solicitor."

" It is over," remarked Albert, " and I freely and fully forgive my uncle. He believed he was acting rightly. I only regret that he did not make more strict inquiries as to my precise situation. He might then have spared me from the horrors of the Bench or the Fleet; for my creditors will, certainly, never be satisfied with a sum which would not pay one fourth of the engagements into which I have entered. Thus, you see, my dear Ferdinand, the five thousand pounds will go to you, with the rest of the fortune."

« You know that I am perfectly sincere," answered Ferdinand, " when I swear to you that I would this moment destroy the provisions of that will, if my happiness, and what is of still greater moment, the happiness of another, did not depend upon its fulfilment. You remember what I said to you before I was thus enriched; and now let me finish my story."

" You are in love, and you are loved in return, that is clear, and all these advantages come to you at the same moment."

" That is it precisely, Albert I love a young lady, who has a fortune of eighty thousand pounds, and whose father has declared that he will never marry her to any other than a monied man. It was only yesterday that he said to me, ' If you were the sole heir of Mr. George Drummond, I should not hesitate in giving you my daughter.' "

" Hasten, then, to tell him this piece of good news; while I shall go and take my revenge on the usurers and the bill-brokers, who have so long lived upon me. They will have even longer faces than myself, when they learn that I am disinherited. Did our uncle know anything of your love for this young lady you mention?"

" I believe he did."

" Then I suspect that he did not leave the entire matter to chance. Besides, he must have known very well, that my debts were more than five thousand pounds. And yet it astonishes me to think, that he should, the very evening before his death, have said, with a sly air to me, ' I hope that Ferdinand and you will both be satisfied with what I have done.' Did he desire to deceive me to the very last! But no matter. I can only now think on all the kind and generous things he did for me while he was living."

" If I could have supposed him to have any preference, I would certainly say that it was for you. And then, I may add, that my affection for the wealthy Miss Magnall did not appear to please him. He knew the avarice of my intended father-in-law, and that his enormous wealth, I may candidly tell you, is said to have been accumulated by means that are declared to be a little suspicious."

The two cousins separated. The one full of joy, went to ask the lady he loved in marriage, and his proposal was instantly accepted. The other, sadly preoccupied with the thoughts of the future, and reflecting with sorrow on the portion of his life he had lost, as well as the wretched follies that must be so bitterly expiated, summoned his pitiless creditors to meet at the solicitor's office the next day.

The meeting of creditors was remarkable for its noise and violence. Five thousand pounds were offered to the usurers, who had bills amounting to twenty thousand —what a wretched nibble was this for the cormorants?

" Arrange the matter among yourselves, gentlemen," said the solicitor. " You see what is provided by the Will, five thousand pounds or nothing; and you know, besides, that Mr. Albert Drummond has no other property to inherit."

"It is impossible!" they exclaimed, " we cannot accept so miserable an offer."

"Then, in that case, gentlemen, you may retire and take proceedings against your debtor. The five thousand pounds go to Mr. Ferdinand Drummond."

" But we will have a suit in Chancery. We mean to have the will broken."

" That will be difficult; for the deceased could leave his money to whom he liked, and to be disposed of how he liked."

The creditors saw they had nothing to hope for in a court either of law or equity. They could only put Albert into prison, and five thousand pounds were much better than nothing from the Insolvent Court. They then, considering that all they could lose was the greater portion of the usurious interest on which they had calculated, accepted the money tendered and gave to their debtor receipts in full.

Albert was thus freed from his debts. His liberty was no longer in danger,

and he saw that his uncle had calculated correctly as to the value of the money he had received. Besides, no wrong was done to the property he had to bequeath; for if he had received his half of the thirty thousand pounds, it would have all gone to his creditors, while he himself could not have been a farthing the richer.

"Decidedly," said he, "my kind and excellent uncle managed everything for the best. He has been able to make Ferdinand quite happy, and at the same time to do me no wrong."

But, then, if the usurers would not threaten him any longer, so was he left, too, without the slightest hope of accommodation from them. He instantly lost all credit, and could not receive ten pounds upon a promissory note of his for a hundred. He must, then, abandon all his luxurious habits—he must cease to be an idler, and he must learn to live frugally and support himself by his industry. Albert was a young man of noble spirit and of great talents. He separated himself from his companions, and devoted himself sedulously to his profession.

Ferdinand married; and as soon as he was rich, all things succeeded with him. When he no longer stood in need of assistance, every one proffered him aid. When he had a fortune, he found fifty, aye! a thousand, means of increasing it—and he did increase it greatly. "What cleverness he has," said one—"What an excellent man of business," said another—"What a certain, safe, and successful speculator," added a third. It was the work of his uncle that had brought all his good qualities and his talents into notice. Already had his real cleverness brought him a fortune nearly of a hundred thousand pounds—made by himself—when the twelve months passed away, and he was again summoned to the solicitor's office.

Albert had also received an invitation to come, and he said as he entered the room, "I really do not know why the poor disinherited nephew should be asked here."

"Disinherited," said the solicitor, "how do you know that 1 for here is one of my partners who has another Will. The date is later than that which I read for you; and it seems, as to this second will, that it was the intention of the testator that it should not be opened until this day."

The inheritance of Mr. Drummond was, it appeared, to be a second time a matter of doubt; and that at least some alterations had been made in the provisions of the former.

This second Will, which was dated the day before the death of the testator, was in these words:—

"This is, assuredly, my last will and testament, for I already feel the approaches of death. I declare, then, that it always was my intention to have but one sole heir; but I now annul that which chance had directed, and therefore I bequeath my entire fortune to my nephew, Albert. I hope that by the time that this decision of mine is known, my heir will have made wise reflections upon his past conduct—that he will have arranged his affairs, and renounced those follies that could only have made his life at best most miserable. I hope, also, that my nephew, Ferdinand, will have taken advantage of the position in which I placed him for a year. I bear with me, then, in dying, the pleasing and consoling thought, that my two nephews will appreciate the motives for my conduct, and that both will be satisfied with me."



CAIN.

By J. TOMLIN.

There must have been in Cain's bosom some instinctive principle of evil, that prompted to the commission of that vile deed, which sickens the very heart in thinking on it. He must have had a natural love of blood, to have imbued his unpractised hand with a stain that nothing could wash away! He could not have been prompted to the commission of the deed from any thing he had witnessed on the earth; for the first epoch of crime was made in the death of his brother, and the recording Annalist shuddered for the first time as he took note of it. How deeply penetrating to the heart must have been that sorrow when he saw his brother expiring in the cold dews of death—that death of which he heard so much, but of which, until now, he had known nothing. How poignant must have been his grief—how inconsolable his agony!

When the young morning arose in blushes from her eastern couch, the two brothers were at play on the banks of the Euphrates. The crystal waters gurgled along beneath their canopy of entangled vines, and the birds were carolling among their balmy branches. Nothing could have been more lovely than the sky, and nothing sweeter than the hushed silence of the hour, disturbed only by the hum of birds, and the murmur of waters. By the river's brink the brothers played, and from the glassy wave their faces were reflected. The fawn tripped lightly on the dewy grass, but stirred not the twigs beneath its feet. The brothers looked into each other's eyes, and were happy. They discoursed but little by words. Their eloquence consisted more in looks than in any thing else. They had but little knowledge. They could not have had much, for experience is the source from whence it is derived. Simple as they were, they were not less simple than they were happy. Oppression had not bound them down in iron chains, nor wreathed around them its folds of un pitying links! The sorrows of years had not accumulated a grief too poignant for life. Some sorrow they had had, and they had been borne with manly fortitude. Something had whispered in their ears that their parents had done wrong; but of its import they knew nothing. They did not understand what had been the cause of their error, nor did they know

why there had been a disturbance between the God of their being and them. They only knew that far back in the by-gone days of their parent's history, something had been done by them, that had not received the sanction of the Great God above. They had some vague recollection of their mother telling them that there was a time when Siir was not But of the meaning of the word they had no definite idea. While they were yet young, their mother had imparted to them a tradition of a time when the earth yielded her fruit spontaneously, when the summer winds were cool and refreshing, and there was no winter on the earth! A perennial spring crowned the live-long days with an adems of flowers, and the birds chirped the music of the earth. No winds of icy coldness swept along their pathway to freeze their blood! All was a day of one refreshing sunshine on the face of the earth.

As the brothers, Cain and Abel, played on the banks of young Euphrates, they looked into each other's face and smiled. They had been together from their youth to that present hour, and together they had Lived as brothers. No strifes had been between them—no feuds that had made them enemies. Side by side they had slept on the flowers of the earth, and on each others breasts often had they pillowed their heads! As the sun ascended the skies to the noon of his day, the younger brother reared on the brink of the river, an altar for sacrifice.

" What dost thou?" asked Cain of his brother.

"I am offering in sacrifice a lamb to my God!" replied Abel meekly.

" Why dost thou do it ?"

" He has commanded me to do it, brother!"

" What were his reasons?"

" I know not brother—but he said I should do it!"

"And thou hast obeyed him?"

"I have!"

"Dost the God which thou worshippest delight in blood!"

" Thou should'st not, my brother, speak thus!"

" Docs the bleeding victim which thou givest in offering, appease his vengeance! Why does he require the shedding of blood?"

" Oh! brother, thou talkest strangely!"

" My words, Abel, aro not as strange as thy actions."

" He has commanded me to offer a lamb in sacrifice, and I have obeyed him."

" The innocent lamb which you are about sacrificing to appease the anger of some incensed deity, knows not the cause of the cruelty you will soon inflict on it But an hour ago it was free to roam on the river's brink, and gambol among the young daises that grow on its banks. It was not less free than the balmy air that floats above our heads." Abel answered him not! And while the sacrifice was being made, Cain looked strangely on his brother. A change had come over the lineaments of his face— and where gladness had once dwelt in sunshine, dark clouds were now floating. The altar was raised—and the sacrifice was about being made, when Cain, worked up to madness, stealthily came and struck his brother. Abel fell. One quiver of the limbs—and he was dead!

Pale as marble—and rigid were his lineaments. And Cain looked upon death.

The murderer! What were his feelings while gazing on the expiring brother! Nothing had occurred before like it; consequently he was full of strange feelings. He shook the body to see if it would not stir—but it moved not, and it breathed not! He called on the brother, but his brother answered him not! He felt him—and there was a coldness of skin, that was unlike any thing that he had at any time before felt! He had done a deed whose import he did not quite understand! He still called on the name of his brother, but his brother never answered him more!

The sun went down for the first time in his life, covered by dark clouds! The event was ominous! Night came on hurriedly—but the stars, those altar lights of Heaven, were not lit to illuminate her golden halls. The thunder, deep and loud, bellowed, shaking the very mountains! Flames of lurid lightning quivered on the black air—and again all was dark! The tempest raged—but in the breast of Cain there was an undying sting, as deep as the deed that he had committed was dark. On the pale flowers his fevered head lay, sleepless, but dreaming of death! Into the very core of his heart he felt the worm of conscience feeding! The form of his brother, pale and haggard, was visible in the darkness. He shut his eyes, and placed his hands over them to keep out the likeness of his brother, but the spectre would not be kept away! He had committed a crime more awful in magnitude than any other. "Woe is me!" from the very anguish of a broken spirit,—he cried. He called on death to release him from mortality, but the spectre came not at his bidding. From the high throne of the great Intelligence of Nature, there beamed upon him a frown more withering in its look than the death of Abel—more scowling than the dark tempest that was at strife with the elements of Nature. "Woe is me!" he still cried—and from that hour he fled the scenes of his childhood with a press of grief at his heart —and his foot-prints were never more seen in the white sand of the Euphrates!



THE POET HAFIZ.

By JOHN S. READ.

The Gazels of Hafiz, the poet of Persia, are deservedly celebrated. No bard, perhaps, is held in such high esteem in that land of the son, for his effusions, while distinguished by simplicity and unaffectedness, possess, at the same time, a singular degree of wild and peculiar sublimity. His Gazels have attained celebrity not only in the East, but in our own distant land; and the English language has been enriched by many fine translations from them. The well known ode beginning "Agur een Toork i Shirauzee," so beautifully, but freely translated by Sir William Jones, and which, in the original, called forth the feigned displeasure of Tamerlane, when he visited Hafiz at Shiraz, the place of the poet's nativity, is of itself sufficient to obtain for the Persian bard the crown of poesy.

It is almost impossible to do justice to this writer by rendering his effusions into English, and those, unacquainted with the Persian tongue, can derive, at least, but a faint idea of his powers through the medium of even the best translations. The suddenness of his transitions, from the joys of love and wine to reflections on the instability of human happiness have a peculiar charm; and in this characteristic he resembles Horace. But when we come to render the glowing sentiments of the author into English, we lose much of the beauty and chastity with which they appear in the Persian. In the two following gazels, we have endeavored to retain the spirit of the poet, without offending the taste of the reader with the sometimes too glowing imagery of the East. The first Gazel abounds with touches of delicate fancy, though it verges, if it does not touch on the anacreontic.



FLORENCE.

By A. W. BOB XT.

Tub character of an accepted lover is often known to assume, Chamelion-like, a very different shade and appearance from that which was most carefully preserved, while yet the event of his suit remained in suspense; and instances have been known where even the fondest and most humble of wooers, became of a sudden, cold, haughty, or independent in success, as if in reality he felt, that—

" When all is won that all desire to woo,

The paltry prize is hardly worth the cost."

The change may not, however, take place immediately after his triumph, for he generally knows and perfectly appreciates the inestimable value of his newly-acquired treasure, and is also too deeply enamored to feel, for a time, aught save the most exquisite gratification at his success, and fond delight in its rational enjoyment. He is most supremely happy, and feels as if the measure of his perfect satisfaction is accomplished, and lacks but a single drop to cause its overflow. Like Othello, he can exclaim, in the fullness of his joy—

"If it were now to die,

T were now to be most happy , for, I fear,

My soul hath her content so absolute,

That not another comfort like to this Succeeds in unknown fate!"

He regrets even the slightest absence from the presence of his betrothed—

seeming to live but in her sweet companionship, and possesses, as it were, eyes and ears for little else save her blandishments. And he will sit for hours, listening to her gladness—gazing upon her loveliness, while his heart revels in rapture. Still there is a monotony in continuous bliss, as well as in all other sensations; and the unclouded sunlight of extreme happiness, like the calm and dazzling beauty of an unruffled sea, will lack relief, become tedious, and at length pall upon the cloyed sense. "Variety is the spice of life," yet some there be who deem it the chief ingredient of the dish. The imperious lover, secure of his conquest, becomes at length impatient of even uninterrupted felicity, and too often sighs for change. As the victorious Macedonian "wept for other worlds to conquer," he wishes for new excitements, since the contest betwixt hope and fear, when terminating in the total rout of the latter, is usually followed by too harmonious a peace.

There is a description of character, and by no means a rare one, which is composed of materials so very unnatural, as ever to wear its most uninviting and deformed aspect toward those to whom its possessor is bound by ties of consanguinity, or has become endeared through the knowledge only of its fairer qualities. Such belong to a class of persons, who, possessing peevish and irritable dispositions, joined with a love of vanity and petty tyranny, seem to have their enjoyment increased in a ratio proportionate with the acuteness of the mortification which their trivial acts of unkindness inflict, so long as the object is wholly within their power, submissive and uncomplaining.

This species of ingratitude, however, consists less in observable injuries originating from a desire to wound, than in a kind of exacting infliction of morbid humors upon persons who do not care to resent such, through disdain of their pettiness, or from friendship toward those who delight in this sort of domestic tyranny. These people think not of the pain such conduct must necessarily inflict upon sensitive hearts; but only consider the grateful influence which the exercise of power has upon their own imperious feelings—forgetting entirely that it needs but a look or a tone to wound

most deeply the sensibility of those who love.

Frederick Moulton possessed a disposition of a peculiar nature, and, though noble in many of its qualities, yet still upon very intimate acquaintance it appeared of the capricious and exacting character we have described. He was, however, to general observation, manly, intellectual and refined, and as well entitled to respect and esteem of the world at large, as any other gentleman of the same condition of life, for his faults were not always revealed to the superficial view.

Florence Sterling, his affianced, was a joyous and laughter-loving creature, free and mirthful; yet still she possessed many very superior qualities allied to a guileless and intellectual mind. Her gaiety was but the pastime of an innocent heart that ever strove to convey happiness as well as enjoy it, and she was beloved by all who knew her amiable qualities. Her disposition was affectionate, trustful, and artless, and therefore naturally calculated to receive, early and easily, impressions of a tender nature. She was scarcely seventeen, when inexperienced and unsophisticated, she pledged her faith to Moulton, in fullest confidence of future happiness. She had been won upon, as susceptible and ingenuous young maidens usually are, by the fair and specious seeming of her lover's character, connected with the flattering consciousness of his deep and ardent passion for herself; until her heart was subdued by his sighing importunities, and she surrendered it unreservedly into his keeping. It was unwise in her to do this, for, however well and passionately a woman may adore her lover, if she would be prudent let her tell it not. Let her beware of betraying even the slightest intimation that her affections have been fully won, for then all is accomplished. Her heart is given into another's power, and loses even the semblance of freedom, while it may be asserted that possession is ever the most unfailing antidote to passion. Her wisest policy is to keep his knowledge of her feeling in a state of suspense, like Mahomet's coffin, midway between hope and fear, and he will then be ever a true and devoted worshipper at their shrine.

It was but a short period after the acceptance by Florence of Moulton's suit, that a change unheeded at first, seemed gradually coming over his conduct; until it at length became so remarkable as to contrast somewhat strangely with the previous ardent and devoted fondness of his manner toward her. Still he remained the lover—attentive and constant; but, oh! how altered in tone and appearance! From the anxious watcher of her smiles—the humble suppliant after favors at her adored hand—the willing and devoted slave of her most extravagant pleasure; he became, as it were, suddenly transformed into the arbiter of her wishes and desires; and, under covert pretences and measures, sought to influence and govern the hitherto artless frankness of her actions. He wished to control the most true and enchanting of her qualities—the very ingenuousness of manner which added to the sweetness and amiability of her disposition, had from the first led him on to his success. He was also avaricious of her every smile and blandishment, but miser-like, wished them hoarded; while he seemed to have forgotten the lively relish that he once felt for her society and fascinations. Like the "dog in the manger," though indifferent himself, he grudged their enjoyment by others, and would fain have wished her to become, in a degree, even an unsocial being to all save himself alone.

Florence could hardly believe the reality of this strange metamorphose at first; but, gradually assuming a more decided character, it became too mortifying and convincingly apparent. She was deeply grieved—not so much, however, at its vexatious aspect, as by the inferences plainly deducible therefrom in regard to future prospects. Yet woman-like, she ever strove to balance the better attributes of his nature against his faults, that thus they might appear to lose much of their real deformity; and even when the latter predominated in the scales, she endeavored to supply the deficit through the resources of much enduring charity, and by imagining those virtues which he might hereafter evince, when the charms and enjoyments of the domestic circle had thrown their enchantments over his heart.

Still these things could not but sink deep into her heart, and what wonder if

they served to weaken and wean from him the fervor of her affections. She felt the sad reality of this change, although she evinced it not. Her joys were clouded and interrupted, and her fond, bright hopes began to hesitate and tremble for their safety. The devotedness with which she loved him only caused her to feel the unkindness of his cold and imperious manner the more keenly; even while she strove to excuse it, and weigh such with the love she knew he really cherished for her, in despite of the fault of his actions—of which she fondly hoped he would ere long become sensible and repentant.

And thus was passed an interval which should have been a season of perfect happiness—the green spring of requited affections. Sorrow lowered upon the sensitive heart of the hitherto gladsome maiden, and chilled all its most joyous aspirations. If such was the spring, what a sad promise did it hold forth of coming seasons! If such was Moulton's conduct as a lover, what might it be as a husband, when she should remain irrevocably in his power—the unresisting and bonded slave of his caprice! She needed but little assistance to resolve this question, for marriage is ever more intolerable than Moorish slavery, where the husband is disposed to enact the tyrant. And truly she had reason to congratulate herself that such was not yet her situation—that she still possessed the power to withdraw from so unpromising an alliance; or, at least, to exercise prudence and discretion with regard to future movements.

With all her grievances, however, she could not overcome the dread she felt of being thought fickle in her character. The reproach of inconstancy and faithlessness is held up to timid women to frighten them into submission, and, however they may have been deceived in their first choice, few have the hardihood to venture an exchange, even where there appears sufficient evidence that such might revert to their unbounded profit.

"Man to man so oft unjust is always so to woman!" and even in affairs of the heart, where she is worshipped as the sole and presiding deity, her

wishes are scorned and contemned, her feelings trifled with and injured, and her rights and privileges basely trampled upon, while every means of redress are withheld from her power, and she is of necessity compelled to submission.

True, loving, and devoted woman! Would that man might fully appreciate thee as thou art! He would then learn to estimate his own poor worth by the favor found in thy approving eyes, and consider such as the standard of praiseworthy ambition. But it is written that the fool worketh his own evil, and Moulton at length began to realize the truth of the proverb.

It is the last drop which causes the full cup to run over, and it is the last act of oppression which arouses resistance, and incites rebellion against long and submissively endured grievances. At least, it seems thus to the thoughtless and superficial observer, for that which went before is less prominently revealed until the crisis is decided. Therefore we describe more minutely the event which induced Florence to throw off the chain that bound her, or rather to improve the freedom tauntingly given her by the circumstance of Moulton's breaking the tie himself, in the haughty supposition that like a long imprisoned bird she would return again to its bondage.

They attended an assembly a few evenings before the intended one of their union, and both were in exceedingly happy spirits. The company was unusually large, and they moved among those who might have been termed their equals and peers; yet Moulton observed with pride that his affianced shone a star of magnitude uneclipsed, even when in conjunction with the brightest of that festal galaxy. But circumstances occurred to interrupt the pleasant harmony of their feelings. The proud, yet miserly lover foolishly imagined that his expectant bride was somewhat too prodigal of her smiles and blandishments, although he feasted upon the envy which his position toward her excited in the breasts of his less fortunate fellows. He thought that she used more exertion than was actually necessary to please her

admirers, and also that she evinced a little more gratification than was called for at their compliments and expressions of admiration. He therefore imperiously undertook to check and control her joyousness, by reminding her with looks of meaning of her vassalage to his exacting and capricious disposition. These excited feelings of surprise in the breast of Florence at first; which at length increased until she became justly indignant at his undeserved manifestations of displeasure, and resolved to let him understand that she had not yet taken the oath of allegiance, and was still the mistress of her own proper actions. She resented his interference, and proceeded to follow her own inclinations and pleasure even farther than she might have done, but for the constraints which he unwisely sought to impose upon them, and she also seemed not to notice or care for the effect which her womanly spirit had upon his temper.

Moulton's feelings were of course inflamed by this, and he determined to retaliate upon her hauteur, after the same style in which she had for the first time set the example. He deemed there was sufficient excuse for the exercise of his tyranny over her; and during the remainder of the evening he proceeded to treat her coldly, and with a haughtiness nearly approaching to disdain. This attracted much attention, and Florence felt extremely mortified and insulted—and in a manner also to which she was too proud to submit. Taunt provoked taunt, and few words of conciliation therefore were offered on either side, and their parting at the close was reserved and dignified in the extreme.

The next day Florence principally kept her own apartment, for her spirits were much depressed by the occurrences of the evening previous. She revolved them over in her mind; but though they caused her sorrow, she was conscious that her own conduct did not merit reproach. Her motives, she knew, were pure, and she justly satisfied her heart that whatever it might suffer, another's was the blame. She reflected upon the past conduct of Moulton, and sighed as she compared it with what she was led to expect it might have been, from the ardor that he ever evinced before she gave him

her consent to become his wife. She pondered mournfully over the sad disappointment of her hopes of happiness—those that had been implanted in her breast, and fondly cherished through his professions of passionate regard, until they became the leading ones of her existence; and then turned with gloomy forebodings her thoughts toward the future, where all appeared dark and portentous with evil.

The entire morning was passed in this manner, while occasionally the remembrance of the deep and fervent passion she had long felt for him—so burning at first, but now much cooled by the many annoying, though sometimes scarcely definable grievances which she had suffered, passed before her mind, and made her to give way more than once to tears—tears that arose with an involuntary and swelling flood, and fell upon her burning cheeks like the still droppings of a calm summer's shower.

These at length relieved the anguish of her bosom, and she was enabled to reflect less passionately. She began now to look with calm philosophy toward the future, and reason with herself upon the question, if she could wisely trust her happiness with such an uncertain hazard, that seemed too slender even to sustain a hope. And there was also a divided feeling active within her breast; a faint expectation that her lover would soon see and repent of the errors of his conduct, and seek her pardon—struggling with a growing, though scarcely definable idea that if he did not it would be quite as well in the end for herself. Still she could but think that something would soon occur to render him sensible of his unkindness, and perhaps reform his singular ways.

Moulton, though highly offended, was sensible of being himself to blame, inasmuch as his conduct was unreasonable and imperious. He knew that it was his duty to make all possible reparation to Florence's injured feelings; but he, however, chose rather to give vent to his excitement, while reason was subverted through jealous and angry feelings. He could not think of humbling himself so much to one whose happiness was entirely dependent

upon his caprice. No! such would tend to reverse the natural harmony of their position. She must suffer for her folly, and thus by experience learn that submission is the nature of woman's social condition, or what would be the result hereafter! It was all very well to employ strategy during the siege; but bold independence and dignity was necessary to preserve the conquest when won, or the subdued might presume upon the policy of the past And also in order to render her fully sensible of her dependence, and upon what dangerous ground she was carelessly treading, he proceeded with the utmost assurance to indite the following laconic and singular epistle to his affianced:

" Circumstances have led me unwillingly to believe that Miss Sterling may be impatient of the restraints which the fact of her betrothal imposes upon her actions, and would not, perhaps, regret if such were removed. The liberty to make another and a better choice, at this moment, I doubt not, would also be peculiarly grateful to her, and might soon be improved. I have merely to remark, that if such be her wish, the love which I have ever cherished for her is not of the selfish nature as to withhold that which she so much desires; and she is therefore at liberty to consider herself free from all exclusive restraint on the part of myself; while still my best wishes shall extend to her happier prospects.

I remain her very obedient servant,

Frederick Moulton."

This he despatched at an early hour toward its destination, and then began to speculate upon the mortification and alarm which it would, of course, occasion in the breast of Florence. Being still confident, notwithstanding his affected jealousy, that she loved him deeply and devotedly, he looked upon his course of procedure merely as a punishment for her improper spirit, and he also confidently supposed that she would submissively receive it as such. He even anticipated that his revenge would be doubly gratified by her usual

course of conciliation and self-sacrifice; but he had forgotten the adage that there is a certain point where forgiveness ceases to be a virtue.

Florence received the note and read it, while her breast swelled with indignant emotions. Her lips curled with scorn, and her eyes flashed with excitement at this climax to his indignities; while she crushed the ungrateful and insulting message in her hand, and threw it from her with contempt. Her patience was exhausted, and could endure the trials imposed upon it no longer; and she now resolved to banish from her heart every remaining vestige of love for him which still clung feebly around its tendrils. She very naturally wept for a time; but when her feelings became once more calm, she reflected that there was quite as little reason of regret at this abrupt termination of their engagement as she had given cause for it; though her pride was naturally mortified at being thus cast off when hers alone was the grievance. But as the dismissal came from Moulton it would save her from the reproach of inconstancy which she had so long and so much feared.

To her extreme surprise, however, not long after she received a visit from the author in person, who came humble and penitent to crave her pardon, and repair, if possible, the error he had committed. He had himself been struck with alarm and remorse while reflecting upon the consequences of his rash act, and the fear very properly came across his mind that Florence might possibly see fit to accept of his generous releasement. He could not deny but that the act of itself gave her sufficient reason for so doing, even setting aside the probability of her still remaining offended at his behavior on the previous evening, and he now began to reflect upon his conduct with deep regret. He, therefore, acknowledged his unkindness and injustice with abject sorrow; and implored her by every passionate entreaty to forgive and forget his past actions, and receive him once more into favor—pledging himself by the most solemn vows never to give her in his life another cause of regret or sorrow.

Florence listened without interrupting him, while her bosom heaved with

sympathy for his grief. She pitied his pangs of regret; but she felt that she could not in justice to herself give them relief. She had striven with the last remnant of passion once cherished for him, and subdued it; and when he had finished and waited in doubt and fear for her decision, she calmly informed him that all his errors were forgiven, and she would likewise strive to forget them. But she could do nothing further. "Their long continuance," she said, " had weakened and subdued the whole strength of the love she once cherished for him; and it was now chastened down to a feeling more akin to that of friendship, which she might ever feel for him; but nothing more."

" You are well aware, Frederick," she continued in a sad voice, while tears gushed involuntarily from her downcast eye-lids, " that when I gave you my consent to become your wife, I loved you with a deep and burning passion. You cannot doubt it even now, changed as that feeling is. But you, Frederick, are far more changed; at least, your conduct has been from what it appeared previous to that event. You were then—but I will forbear reproach, for your own heart, I doubt not, is fully sensible of all I would say."

" It is, Florence!" replied Moulton, with tremulous emotion, "deeply, painfully sensible of the wrongs which I have inflicted upon you, and bitterly repents. But believe me, that, notwithstanding my faults, I love you still most fervently; even though such would hardly seem to evince it. Why I have acted thus unkindly toward you I cannot tell, excepting that an evil spirit possessed me at the time and subverted my better reason. But that is past; and never, oh! never again shall you have cause to doubt my affection, while the endeavor of my future life shall be to atone for my injustice toward you. Give me back that hateful letter—forget the past, and be mine once more, dear Florence, and I will prove to you henceforth as true and affectionate as I have been unkind."

" It may not be, Frederick," replied Florence calmly and frankly; " my heart has lost that interest in you which is necessary to render our union happy.

You gave of your own free will and accord, and because of your own fault, a release which I did not ever expect; and though the unkindness of the action is atoned for by your repentance, I feel constrained in the present state of my feelings for many reasons to decline a renewal of our engagement. It is with pain, Frederick, that I do this, for I feel how deeply it will grieve you; but the truth is that I have ceased to love, and never again can feel aught save friendship toward you. '

It can be but faintly imagined how like an icy chill those last words fell upon the heart and hopes of the humbled lover—benumbing them with despair. It was a sentence which he little expected, and was less prepared to hear, for he was a firm believer in the unchanging nature of woman's affection. He would as resignedly have listened to a decree of immediate death; for it was the knell to all his hopes of happiness. He remained silent for a few moments with his face buried in his hands, while his anguish appeared powerful and intense; and then he arose to take his sad departure from the presence of her whom he had lost forever. As he did so he glanced into the eyes of Florence, to convince himself that it was not possible (as the thought for an instant flashed through his mind) that she was only submitting his feelings to a just, though agonizing ordeal; but he was struck at their calmness, and became fully assured of his despair.

"Farewell, Florence," he said mournfully, taking her listless hand and pressing it with fervor, "farewell! My hope is that you may be happy—though such henceforth can never be my portion, for my heart not having experienced unkindness from yours, shall never cease its love or regret. I cannot blame your resolution, for I am sensible that I have deserved my fate; and my dearest wish is now that you may find—no, no, I cannot wish that I would have said another heart—one more true and less ungrateful; but my tongue refuses to give utterance to so unnatural and palpable a falsehood. But I can wish, however, that you may never again be deceived as you have been in me. Farewell."

As the door closed upon his departing footsteps, Florence again burst into tears, and wept long and freely. Her mind was agitated by mixed and undefinable sensations, but her heart felt relieved from the sickening pressure of its gloomy forebodings. Sympathy for Moulton's grief—timid apprehension that her conduct might appear unnatural in the eyes of others, combined with a modest doubt in the infallibility of her own judgment, filled her breast, and caused it to thrill with fears of having overstepped the bounds of prudence, or rashly performed an action of which she might, perhaps, hereafter repent. But the consciousness of such having to the last been forced upon her without cause -or deserving—and of the propriety of her motives in thus refusing to place herself again in a position where she had experienced so much unmerited sorrow at length reassured her, and she banished these doubts and regrets from her mind. Her spirits now began to recover their natural elasticity—the prospect of unhappiness seemed to vanish like a cloud from the sky of the future; and Hope resumed once more a dominion within her heart, from whence she had fled before the portentous ilia which lowered around its joys.

A few years have passed, and Florence is now the happy wife of another; and though the freshness of passion may be said to have been wasted, she sees little cause for regret at the change that occurred in her prospects, or at the decision she made to improve them. But Moulton remains still a bachelor, and often casts a sorrowful retrospection over the past. He strives, however, to excuse his conduct, in his own mind, by affecting to believe that it was all intended to test the quality of his expected wife's disposition, and the strength of her passion, but without avail; for, though he feels conscious that he was innocent of cruel motives, he cannot deny that his actions at times wore an ungracious appearance, and Florence seemed also more pained than offended at his trials. But whether this arose from her extreme sensitiveness, or from the test having been too severe for endurance, he was not perfectly willing to decide. He has, however, changed his opinions entirely with regard to the undying nature of woman's love, and now often takes occasion to rail against it whenever he hears of a case in point;

asserting in a jocose manner that it possesses as peculiar a quality as is erroneously attributed to the feline race.



TEMPLETON.

By HARRIET J. BOWLES.

"Do you know Templeton?" said a gentleman to his companion, as they rode into the Park, "yonder he goes on that spirited bay—too fine an animal by half for such a fellow."

"Slightly,—but I never knew, Stanly, that you did not like him. I've always heard that he was a gentle man, and withal a clever companion."

"Oh! I knew him at the University, where he always affected learning. I hate your scholars as I hate the plague. And now he has set up for a fine gentleman, and a dandy, forsooth, the contemptible puppy."

".Well, there is something in hearing both sides. I don't know him at all, but his friends say he is only a polished gentleman, and you magnify him into a fop. But, as you were classmates, you ought to know him."

"I do. And, by St George, there he is at the side of my sister. Will he never cease his attentions to her? I'll bet anything now he's a coward; and to settle it I shall insult him. He pay attention to Louisa!—I'll have a word to say on that point."

At the words Stanly spurred his horse forward, and soon reached his sister, who seemed deeply engaged in conversation with Templeton. The brother did not hesitate an instant, but seizing his sister's rein with some violence, he drew it from Templeton's hold, and in a voice in which passion had

already attained the mastery, insisted on the other leaving her side.

Templeton looked confounded, and the young lady besought her brother, as eloquently as woman's eyes can speak, to desist, and, as a last resource, put her horse at a brisk canter, leaving the excited young gentlemen to settle the dispute as they best might; but not without the roost lively fears for the issue. Nor were those fears without foundation. Templeton soon evinced that he was not wanting in spirit, though the passion of Stanly forbade, from the first, any hope of an accommodation. Templeton, indeed, endured the insults of the brother as long as he could, seeming indisposed to quarrel with a relative of Louisa, but at length he was forced to take notice of Stanly's remarks, and high words ensued, which ended with a tacit understanding that the difficulty should be settled by a duel.

The night of the foregoing fracas, a large party had assembled at the house of a noble friend of one of the belligerent parties, at which Louisa Stanly chanced to be a guest, and hearing her own name frequently repeated in the course of conversation, her anxiety so far overcame her scruples, that she ventured to address a gentleman whom she observed had but lately quitted a group of his companions, where it was plain to distinguish, her name formed the prominent subject of discussion.

"Ha!" exclaimed Captain Alcroft, acknowledging her salutation with a very polite bow, "it gives me sincere pleasure to meet you; I..."

"Captain," said the lady, "will you enlighten me as to the cause of my name being so much in request tonight; wherever I turn I can distinguish nothing but my name, and some young ladies, whose party I left but now to accost you, are so mysteriously silent and ambiguous to my inquiries, that I really feel somewhat uncomfortable; pray tell me, is it any thing in which my brother is concerned?"

"Why—yes—that is, your brother and Templeton. You know Lawrence

Templeton!"

"Oh, dear me, yes," said the fair girl, recalling to mind the afternoon's ride, and trembling for the result of her inquiries. "What of Templeton, Captain!"

"Why," said her companion, humorously, "that I think him, notwithstanding the effeminate graces he sometimes puts on, to be a deuced pleasant fellow; and What does Miss Stanly think?" said the Captain, archly.

"Oh, that he is very well, certainly; but come, Captain, will you please to satisfy a lady's inquiries, or must I seek the information I wish elsewhere?"

The Captain apologised, and proceeded to narrate the afternoon's subsequent adventure, which was but just concluded, when, feigning slight indisposition as the cause, Miss Stanly ordered her carriage immediately, and ere it had been announced, the trembling young lady had eagerly descended to the hall, where she stood waiting its arrival, scarcely conscious of the presence of the numerous servants. "We couldn't get through the rank, Miss," said the footman, at length appearing, and respectfully touching his laced hat, in reply to her reproof at the delay. After giving the word "home," she sprang into the carriage, and a few moments afterward alighted at the family residence in square.

Louisa Stanly was a young lady with a highly cultivated mind, and had received an education commensurate with the position she held in society; she was at once accomplished and beautiful, and possessed of an equally susceptible nature. It cannot, therefore, be made a matter of surprise that one, young, handsome, and well-bred as Templeton, and, like herself the possessor of a richly cultivated intellect, and a deportment highly polished from constant intercourse with the best society, should have made considerable advances in her youthful affections. There existed, indeed, a natural and a warm passion in the hearts of these lovers—a passion which, hitherto, had been kept secret from the families of either, and of which

Stanly himself had never entertained the slightest idea until the unfortunate discovery and rencontre in the park.

Stanly was quietly seated at the breakfast table on the following morning, busily engaged in scanning the pages of the "Post" which a servant had just laid on the table, when the same servant re-entered and announced Captain C-. Stanly appeared to muse for a moment, as though striving to recall the name, when, suddenly recollecting himself, he exclaimed— "Oh, ah! let me see, Templeton's friend, the scurvy rascal, I recollect. Tell the Captain I 'll be with him immediately." The servant bowed and retired. Stanly rose from the table, leaving his mother and sister to wonder at, and surmise the reason of so early a visit

"Surely, my dear mamma," exclaimed the young lady, after a silence of some minutes, "the visit of Captain C-- has no connection with the unpleasant affair of yesterday; tell me," she repeated, pausing anxiously for a reply, "what do you really think? do pray answer me, dear mamma."

Lady Stanly, who, until this moment, had been busily occupied with an entertaining article in the paper that her son had previously been perusing, suddenly threw it on one side, exclaiming somewhat peevishly, "really, my love, you seem perfectly concerned in this matter; one would imagine, from the nervous excitement you appear to suffer, that you apprehend some dire calamity is the inevitable consequence. Set your feats at rest, silly girl; remain perfectly assured that Templeton has neither the moral courage to say anything more about the matter, nor the physical courage to resent the injury he has received, if injury it be. By the bye, my dear girl, I have, I think, great reason to be displeased with the freedom you have permitted to Mr. Templeton."

"My dear mamma," cried the lovely girl, bursting into tears, "you are extremely unkind, and I think you do Mr. Templeton great injustice to suppose he would for a moment forget the position he holds as a

gentleman, or that he would calmly submit to the gross insults of yesterday, without demanding reparation at my brother's hand."

" You love Mr. Templeton, then," rejoined Lady Stanly.

" My own dear mamma," said the beautiful creature, sinking at her mother's feet, " I will not deceive you, I do, indeed, love him," she continued imploringly hiding her features in her mother's robe.

" What the deuce is the matter with Louisa?" exclaimed Stanly, re-entering the room.

The weeping girl rose, exclaiming with passionate grief, while regarding her brother imploringly, " he has challenged you—I know he has, and you have accepted it; is it not so?"

" Challenged who? accepted what? What does my sister mean," replied Stanly, affecting surprise. " Well," he added, after a pause, " the fellow has had the hardiesse to send Captain C—with a message! Who'd have thought it, not I."

" And you have accepted it?" inquiringly she asked.

" Of course; and have agreed to meet him three days hence. Oh, never mind," said he, "he's a shocking bad shot—can't hit a haystack at twenty paces! why, my dear mother, I could let the daylight into him at thirty the first fire, to! de to!"

" Horrible! remember, Sir," said Lady Stanly, rising from her seat, " if you do meet him, I will never forgive you. Heavens! you have killed Louisa—you have, cold-hearted boy."

The tender object of her mother's solicitude, unable to control the powerful

effects which her brother's announcement had wrought on her already excited feelings, had swooned, and like a marble statue, lay extended on the couch, whither she had flown to indulge in an agony of grief.

Stanly had intentionally deceived his mother with regard to the time he was to meet Templeton, for it had been arranged that they were to settle the affair on the following morning, and the meeting was to take place in a field in the neighborhood of Battersea. Accordingly, without arousing the household, he repaired to a spot where his seconds and a surgeon, together with the carriage in which they intended to proceed, were already in waiting; and the party set off.

It was a beautiful morning in June, at about the hour of half past five, that the party proceeded over the Thames by way of Battersea bridge; the sun shot forth his clear bright rays, clothing the face of nature in one universal smile of gladness, right welcome to the heart — the fresh invigorating breeze from the noble river— tho sweet odors of the new-mown hay, wafted to the grateful sense

"-By lightest zephyrs borne

From sunny meads."

Earth seemed to have put on, as she usually does, at this heavenly season, her fairest aspect—the green fields sent forth their rich incense, filling the air with ineffable sweetness, and the varied charms of every object around; the calm and peaceful scene, the harmony of which was about to be so soon desecrated by an act of blood. All these circumstances contributed to have their weight with Stanly, who had for some time remained silent, and deaf to the light-hearted observations of his companions. At length he spoke, "would that I were anywhere but engaged in this infernal piece of business."

"What! Stanly hang fire!" exclaimed his second. "What! and allow that

sneaking, that smooth-faced, lack-a-daisical rascal to escape and crow, after having challenged you."

"Perish the thought," said another.

"You know me too well, Crantly, to suppose," rejoined Stanly, "that I would for a moment think of retracting in this stage of the proceeding; my only regret is to reflect on the folly on my part which gave rise to the position in which I find myself."

"Rash man, here we are!" replied his companion, as the carriage, turning a corner of the road, discovered the appointed place of rendezvous, and in a moment afterward the approach of the antagonist party became visible; they had already alighted, and were walking across the field. In a few moments afterward, the gentlemen had saluted each other, and the seconds proceeded to measure the ground.

"Good morning, Templeton," said Stanly, frankly advancing and taking the proffered hand of his adversary, "are you ready?"

"Quite," was the laconic reply.

The belligerent parties then took up their position at a dozen paces, and after having each been presented with the pistols, remained a moment stationary, quietly and anxiously awaiting the signal to fire. The seconds having seen the coast clear from all intruders, retired a few paces, when Grantly, holding up his right hand, exclaimed in a voice loud enough to be heard by all present—"Fire!" Each ball, true to its trust, by a coincidence not very frequent in such cases, entered the body of the adversary. The seconds ran in. Stanly, who had received his antagonist's shot in the right leg, immediately fell to the ground, but Templeton remained standing, with his arm still extended as though about to fire a second time, and to the hurried and anxious inquiry of one of the seconds if he found himself hurt, he

replied, " hurt, no—but I feel a kind of burning sensation in the right side." He mechanically placed his hand on the part affected, which he withdrew saturated with blood; he gazed for a moment with a bewildered air on those around him, and asked if Stanly was wounded. "Slightly," was the reply. "Thank God it's no worse," said he faintly; "his sister would have said that I had murdered hi—him"—the unhappy young man would have fallen had he not been promptly caught in the arms of the surgeon, who, assisted by another, tore off the clothes, and proceeded to examine the direction the shot had taken; it was found that it had passed completely through the right side, almost grazing the spine. "This," the surgeon said, in reply to Stanly's eager question if he was dangerously hurt, " was sufficient to cause death, inasmuch as they scarcely dared to hope that the vital parts had escaped."

" Templeton," said Stanly, bending over him, " speak! for God's sake speak; say but one word of forgiveness, I entreat you!"

Templeton remained perfectly insensible to the observations addressed to him by his agonised companion, who continued with riveted gaze to watch over him as he lay apparently dying on the grass, with his head supported by the knee of the surgeon.

" Oh, this accursed affair," he passionately exclaimed at last, rising, " would to heaven I had sprang into the river, sooner than have perpetrated this fiendish act.

Oh, my poor dear sister, I little thought she cherished so warm a regard for him!"

"There, we've had enough of this, I think," said Grantly ; " come, we must away."

"I will not go with you," said Stanly ; "I dare not leave him."

" Pooh! leave him to his friends; come—" and they dragged him away by main force to the carriage, which in a moment afterward was seen whirling away from the spot. —

A month after this event a scene of deep interest, but of an infinitely more pleasing character, was being enacted in-square. There lay Templeton, slowly but steadily recovering from the effects of his wound, contrary to the expectations of nearly all his friends; his recovery from death to life and love, being mainly attributable to the tender and affectionate assiduities of a certain young and lovely being who sacrificed nights and days to his rapidly-improving health.

"And do you really love me, Lawrence?" said the affectionate girl.

" Love you!" said Templeton—"yes—infinately dearer than the poor life thou hast saved, blessed angel," he exclaimed with intense emotion. His whole soul wa overpowered by the warm gush of his feelings, fresh from the fountain of love; how gratefully his eyes beamed upon her in the fullness of his affection. She wept upon his breast, and so they mingled their tears. Three months after, they were wedded.

